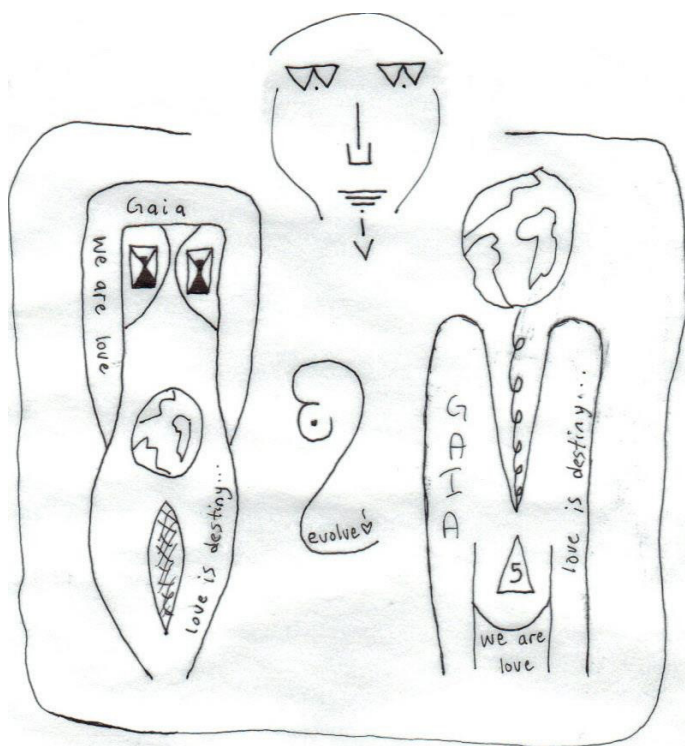




SOVEREIGN SENTIENT



Truth is my Compass, &
Wisdom my Helm.

*once you know, you cannot unknow.
once you have seen, you can never
unsee. once you have allowed
yourself to feel, you are freed from
silence; for the submergence of
one's truth only births havoc
within the self.*

Zisa Aziza

Negress of Saturn's Deeds

*NegressOfSaturn.com
Truths89.com | ZisaAziza.com*

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Gift Artist Directly:

*Venmo/Paypal: @negressofsaturn
CashApp: \$negressofsaturn
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With Evidential Testimony:

I ain't no Pinocchio
Check my portfolio.

Within me,
Juliet married
Romeo.

“Although I cannot recall what was done, unless time is murdered, I’m coming for that which was spun; do enjoy the short leash of your fun.”

Lorn Paragon

If I'm learning, I can't lose.
Wisdom is the bag.

I ain't chasing status.
Health is cultivated.

Catch me when I'm gone.
An imperial fugitive rises at dawn.

Yo, Sis

I saw the moon on your face,
and the sea's waves etched
by the shore of your eyes.

A runagate is claiming
your port for harbor,
but he's a sack of lies.

You'd best abort sail,
for your soul
is his desired rail.

Psychoanalytics

You have folks who can't
swim cosplaying lifeguard.

Dysfunction has a bodyguard.

Because we're in the same ward of
society, ain't nobody really trying to
cut the cord; there's too much
money in the discord.

If healing is devoid of play,
who's to say the medicine isn't
poison to lead you astray?

Trinity of Tenets

Avoidance *hinders* resilience.
Dependency *favors* peasantry.
Adaptability *repels* fragility.
Sovereignty *demand*s creativity.
Descent *ferments* ascent.

Legal Tender

Seeking dividends
from the loot;

Evil is astute.

Spell: 054

Hungry Ghosts are hunters,
the way cancer needs sugar,
parasites are fatal lovers.

Somatic Synergy

When I was compelled to temper a
temperamental earthquake, folk seemed
to personify stalled walking tsunamis.

My alchemical attenuation of adversity
was a surgical strike intervention that
reconstructed the leylines of destiny.

Cataract clouds are a cleared fog.
It's first light, and I'm swinging
on an oak log.

My epilogue is the splintered smog of a
renounced timeline that side-swiped
the reclaimed prologue.

From the ashes of my scales,
my soul was wrung;
Within my cells, an atomic
bell has rung.

I bear the Wand of God in my tongue;
The mystery of my venom is unsung.

Heavy is my Heave

A mule named Vera
bore a goat named Sophia,
who was cut out of her womb;

And yet, truth was always a stranger.

The land of the free
is death parading
on the plasma
of conscripted debtors

When you must pay to breathe,
whose ledger lives on a spree?

Vast Disintegration

Trauma is a neurotoxin that, when left unmetabolized, the compounded effect normalizes spiritual neglect.

In our society, where we embrace disharmony with our ecosystem and biosystem, capitalism is a duplicitous covert orchestration that weaponizes intellect to stall evolution because our sustained disconnection with nature is a measure for reinforced entropic protection.

Recomposition

I fumigated my life
without changing my bed.

When the infestation is in your head,
a set of new sheets can relocate
your trajectory—no need for receipts.

Chiaroscuro

I've been roaming the desert,
and you are a sparkling waterfall.

Don't ask me why my eyes
twinkle with a drawl.

I'm waiting for which of us
will be the first to sprawl.

I promise my thirst won't maul,
but my skin craves a delicate brawl.

Spell: 053

Mirror, Mirror on the Wall:

Can the proper woman
wet my volcano before I fall?

Earth's Zoo

If we don't burn, we can't rise.
If we deny the past its reckoning,
the requisite reconciliation,
we jeopardize.

I'm offering butter while knowing my
bloodline was fried.

My grandmother's grandmother came
home from church to see her home
ablaze because the KKK is
impelled to tyrannize.

My mother lost her home because
subprime loans were a legalized
predatory extraction for banks to
reorganize the properties it owns.

My blood knows too much
the truth got me gripped,
I can't unclutch.

I'm passing through with
a bird's eye view;

When uncloaked clarity is a taboo,
you gotta wonder who's
bleaching the stew.

Snowless Rain Meditation

Prepackaged preoccupation with the
past kidnaps us from the present,
where our power is actionable.

Codependency is pitched
as a convenience.
Control is branded as care.
Safety sterilizes privacy.

I should set up this sewing machine...

Ode to the Spiral

My soul had to grow into the body of
my home, for which time was the
calibrator and adversity,
the accelerator.

With elation, I recognize that I am
qualified to immerse my heart in the
waters I have longed to dive.

The heavens are my alibi.
Do or die; for love,
I'd never lie.

We all must eat,
but without integrity,
am I worthy of my feet?

In the Pursuit of Carrots

As I was flipping the channel of my attention on a northbound local train, I observed two men become wasteful beholders of their Y chromosome and, perhaps, with low testosterone levels.

A pale-complexioned man who has not yet fully encountered his Saturn Return flops onto a vacant train seat. At the same time, an elderly woman strolls in behind him.

A 50+-year-old brown Latino man, seated to my left, occupies an additional seat by placing his bag in its vacancy. As the older woman glides in my direction, I perceive the conundrum.

I inquired if she'd like my seat, but she gestured to the bag occupying a vacant seat. I insisted on offering my seat when a refined and artistically

inclined silver dove had readied her
seat for the elderly woman.

As I stood by a train door, a richly
melanated Black woman alerted the
man that his bag was unfit for a \$2.90
train fare— I paraphrase
what was unspoken.

The spectacle of indifference and the
commonplace values of yesteryear
rendered me stupefied. It was women
who understood the assignment and
executed it accordingly.

After offering her my postcard, I
shared with the silver dove that I was
perplexed about the etiology of
deficient etiquette. I speculated that
indifference or low EQ/IQ could
be the culprit.

But with the clarity of a fermented
Aries, she stated, “It only takes one
person to start a chain reaction, and
you offered your seat.”

Although I appreciated her clarity,
I witnessed a microcosm of an
existentially unsettling pattern.
However, in the coherence of her
brevity, she maintained that we must
focus on what is within our control.
And those aligned will follow suit.

Indeed, we needn't ridicule or
pathologize those who exhibit
blindness. We benefit most when we
attend to those who share our vision.

Re: Follow-Up w/ Galactic Handlers

I understand that the fractals have
a seam of symmetry.

This Tartarian Dorothy Decoy got me
fucked up, akin to the sublimity
of a symphony that was only
intended to tease me.

I'm Gucci. She was an exceptional
muse. A Scorpio would light
my sacral fuse.

On that note, perimenopause feels
like a graduated puberty, for which my
vulva is demanding applause.

However, per your mandate, I've been
steady in my holistic fast, and as the
sunsets tumble me into my 36th solar
spin, I have refrained from enticing my
carnal cravings for 39 lunar cycles.

If I could reiterate my query, may I
have a sensual hors d'oeuvre? I
understand Destiny is a kitchen, and I
cannot rush the entree, but can I get a
snack to hold me over?

I ain't no joker, and I love the life of a
loner, but could a mature womb
ride my motor?

Dear MicroAggressors

The earth is going through an improbable shift, and no matter what time the clock, I must maximize my auric capacity to prepare for a divine dock.

As you know, we inhabit the same earthship; therefore, I believe it is existentially beneficial for us to cultivate a cooperative relationship.

Aside from the Golden Rule being a universal ethical maxim, we ought to prepare for the longest winter.

I have no stake in your figment of a caste system. But I know we rely on a singular ecosystem, and the needs of our biosystem are more than similar.

Self-preservation does not condone
insularity because hubris cannot
conquer reality.

Hashtag: YOU ain't my enemy, and
I'm focused on the root cause. So get
the fuck in line with preserving
our humanity.

Catalytic Empiricists

The orphan born in New Jack City
gon' crank this cracker Box.

Passing Logos to the flocks;
Fuck orthodox, Imma jimmy
'dis paradox.

I can't see what time will sow,
but the heavens bestowed
my sword of favor.

Imma keeps it candor:
Bump fiction— I'm that
camouflaged commander!

We got an imperceivable invasion not
fit for this jurisdiction.
Through benediction, I will level
an interdiction to seal a
metaphysical eviction.

The silence was weird friction;
Crucifixion yields conviction.

I got star nations on the line;
I came to earth to burn a shrine.

The spectrum of light gave its cosign.
In the fractals, do you see the design?

Mystery is in the eye of the beholder.
When sober, you become
a master decoder.

Shall We?

Distill chaos
into calm;

Terror can be a
concentrated balm.

Gather our palms,
And lock arms

Shield the hearts
Of time not yet born

As we hold air in our lungs
For a sun-undone

*“An inter-communal alliance will be a
requisite of our collective future
survival; we needn’t await the arrival
of the darkest night to gather our
light as an indispensable rival.”*

Colonial Tinge

fear is both
flattery and irony

a fragrant of
the spiritual vagrant

***“Those prone to confusion are
parasites demanding that their
delusion not be punctured by
truth’s intrusion.”***

Equilibrated Integration

I do not pretend to embody
love and light; I am here to
harmonize the night.

As a shadow magnet,
Possession's mascot
Pleads for my hatchet
But I savor the gamut;
I'm a trickster bandit

Theology, Psychology, & Incarceratory Ideology

Your pastor will dismiss your existential inquiries, thereby nullifying the sanctification of your pursuit of embodied sovereignty.

Your counselor will hypnotize your righteous rage into a personal failing that requires you to absolve the perpetrators of harm and become a docile consumer of self-development.

The helpers are grifters who yield their unworthy authority to demand that you mute the veracity of clarity because evil is exceptionally skillful with dexterity.

Power protects power; authenticity agitates the disguised malevolent polarity.

The original and the counterfeit are not of the same orbit; their beef is not yours to remedy; vibrancy has nothing to forfeit— we starlit.

Restorative Justice Can Kiss a Wildfire

Systemic neglect is state violence that presets the entrapment of criminalized behavior to justify dehumanization, incarceration, and extraction.

The true superpredators are embedded in the systemic infrastructures that we refuse to incarcerate because we all must feed the meter. Therefore, we sanitize our collective dissonance as normalized sadist schisms.

Instead, we embezzle tax-free money through nonprofits that employ the weaponization of guilt or pity as a moralistic tactic to decontextualize and ambiguate how the criminal is the victim of structural deprivation.

The objective of rehabilitating the formerly incarcerated is to support them in contributing to

society because being the pawns of
manipulation, extraction, and
obfuscation is not sufficient.

Now, the victim of predatory systemic
collusion, a starved child who has
neither a parent nor a home, is
berated with psychopathic
disorientation to condition them into a
state of contrition and submission.

And yet, we never identify who
murdered their parents, stole their
home, or why their hunger is a human
need that natural law would
never *query*.

Manhattan Birdwatching

When the gravity of truth is unstable,
the laws of physics become a
temperamental avalanche
that triggers the mystics.

The aversion to connection amplifies a
silence that conjures the displacement
of being thoroughly animated in a
celebrated cemetery.

Minions committed to liberatory
distortion replicate variants of political
suppression as nonprofits that cater
to polite psychopathy as
liberal philanthropy.

***“Preserving ignorance requires the
expenditure of tremendous resources,
compared to curiosity, which sustains
our planetary evolutionary
discourse.”***

Hot Take

1. The nefarious application of technology is neutering the soul of humanity.
2. The West, the Free World, and First World Countries are subsidized imperial satellites of indulgent parasites.
3. Pedophilia is the most explicit form of grooming, conditioning, and hypnosis; we endorse silence because every aspect of society employs these devices of control and extraction.

***“Although we may share a timeframe,
our enlisted timelines are divergent;
to ignorance, many are the servant,
whereas my serpent is resurgent, and
I, the hermit, am an insurgent.”***

Point of Origin

The arrogance of defiance
impedes resilience.

The planet is a slave plantation, and
the noose ain't lose,
no matter your station!

I've been sipping misogynoir
like miso soup
I'm well-hydrated,
and I got the scoop

The caste system proliferates
a sentient diversion Spiritual
bankruptcy is a currency
for conversion

Hate breeds compliance, a reinforced
parasitic alliance!

My womb is nonpartisan;

For a sovereign destiny,
My heart is an artisan.

Unmuted and Unraveling

Trauma is energetic plaque.

Masochism is widespread. We choose
lateral violence and lust after the
doggy bags of our oppressive
predators.

We emulate their devilish ways by
internalizing business as impersonal.
Apparently, the cost of amoralistic
business is existential, and death is a
liability that can be offset by
settlements.

I'm not a weeper,
I'm a grim reaper

I ain't got no juice,
I'm the fruit tree

Nor do I have smoke,
I'm a solitary honeybee

Trauma devalues the abundance of spiritual
sovereignty, thereby facilitating a
compromised compass of ethical insolvency.

When addiction is healthily integrated,
we call it discipline.

We *of the flame:*

Light your spark
Gaia is the ark

Apply pressure to the spiral
The inevitability of Destiny
Renders the overcast of night
a Sisyphian rival

Remember the liminal leaflets
Revolt within this sleep chamber

Instincts, Intuition, Premonition
Active faith is the ignition

Blazing Firefly

I was gentle with the light
But moths wanna fight

Fuck fawn or flight
I'mma blaze bright

Because you can see,
I'mma scorch your sight

Pupils with no Scruples

Mediocrity adorns hubris to mask
its acute affliction of
existential insecurity.

Your professor is a scammer, you are
the mark, and your student loans are
clean money laundering.

Zoos and museums drip an echo of
blood stains; the framing of hunt,
murder, and curate does not sanitize
these domains.

The arbiters of black excellence are
the cannibals who have adopted
veganism as mercenaries.

Identity pawning turns victims
into skilled predators.

Earth is a merry-go-round of an
endless graveyard shift
of bloodhounds.

“Colonialism is a scam; Capitalism is the branding; Economics is forged logic; and **Equality** is tactical bait.”

Knock Knock— Hey God:

Can you CashApp me?

I'm not qualified to sell foot pics...
But I'm doing your footwork.

The monasteries of the
future are nomadic.
The flow state that informs my
scripture is sporadic.

A little coin will attenuate the
stress-induced astigmatic static.
I ain't trying to be dramatic, but I'm brewing
a tincture that is systematic.

I'm a metaphysical doula
observing a sea of breach births.
My magic ain't chiropractic,
but society is metastatic.

So can you run me some stacks as I build a
holistic emancipatory framework
that is paradigmatic?

*If you need me to mail this, I have stamps...
what's ya addy?*

Energetic Hazing

I tore the lining,
time is divining

I serenade the sky,
with my naked soul

I somersault towards the waterfall,
where I will emerge whole

Refined Waves

*The ark of time
wrinkles the reflection of light,
protect your sight.*

Neglect is a tactic—
Both cheap and effective.

Confusion is the strategy;
Legalism obfuscates as a distraction
for extraction.

The system is a dilapidated
gingerbread house.
These cards were stacked to fall.

The flood will never recede. The
swamp is the desired bait for
tyrannical acquiescence.

*Does the metal know its target?
Heat doesn't quarrel with parchment.*

Evil is alien to those who are sentient.

The machinations of malevolent and
irrational dissonance will never make
sense because it lacks sentience.

Don't empathize with your predator;
evade or neutralize.
The contagion is virulent; engagement
is a net liability.

Finite. Honor your capacity.
TIL Twilight.

***“The covenant born of truth and love
is an inviolable and indomitable
defense; sentience is invincible—I do
not speak of pretense.”***

Declare and Decree

Cyclical contractions,
Fear ripples with infractions;
Delivery will be ecstatic beyond
abstractions.

*“My loyalty is promised to neither
man nor sentiment but to embodied
principle as the inconvertible
evidence of sentience.”*

Amor Aeternus

*I have sparred with time
and space to know your face.*

I'd die a thousand
deaths for your kiss,
but your heart,
I will not twist.

Omenala

Tears of the Sun scorch my memory,
this blood is hunted!

God, I beseech thee
to protect thy treasury.

*From Sumeria to Biafra,
As a spokeswoman for the
Nri Kingdom:*

I proclaim the simulated battlefield to
be demonically imperiled.

In accordance with the eternal
covenant, by the authority vested in
me, I invoke Earth Jurisprudence.

**To the Guardians of the Cosmos and
Keepers of Divine Order, I consecrate
this supplication.**

By divine deed, so it is decreed.

Dedication

Vera Lorraine + Obiora Godwin,
I, Oyeama Capre, thank you for being
the conduit for my incarnation.

I hereby release you from my charge.
For any deed, you are now ceded.

*From my garden,
you have been weeded.*

The 11th Portal: Saturn's Gate

*Upon this salubrious occasion of your
commencement, the tutelage of your
earthly matriculation has
been incessant.*

*The providential compass by which
your penchant intuition has been
steered, confers your congruence
as meritoriously acquiescent.*

The dragon is freed from her cave;
By fire, she may raise or
collapse the grave.

Whomsoever was worthy, she forgave.
The rest, upon eternity, their
favor she shall engrave.

Last Dance

I've chased you across time,
may your love be mine.

Under the water, I breathe;
with desire, you cause my
longing to seethe.

Spell: 052

I hope you niggas is fire retardant
because God gonna light up every
Muddaphukka who is discordant

Y2K

barefoot on the soul of Nwafia
tossing a firecracker as I run

I ate the soil
I rip the sky
Spiritual Mafia

**these hoes don't know
what it means to die**

You Archons
Got me
FUCKED UP

I pity the
slow boat

that tide gon' swallow,
and you bitches can't float

Retrospective Relief

When the Gregorian calender shoved
me out of my childhood at age twenty,
my psyche revolted against the
violation of trauma robbing
me of the intangible.

I dragged the corpse of a
phantom child like a shadow
that doubled mine.

Grief was hard to tender until I
realized I became a safe place for
violence to call itself a friend.

I took several seasons to trim dead
friendships because I projected my
fragility, empathy, and vacant intimacy
onto the deficiency of maladaptive
and self-absorbed entities.

Health became my north star.
Sacrifice was a cheap toll. I only
regret the time it took to square up
with the embodiment of truth.

Self-mastery, when evidenced, can
make a person vicious because too
much is known.

And denial is an outdated feature.

Spell: 051

Adversity is an accelerator;
with no safe haven,
to heaven, I am riding an elevator.

The Clock is Still

In the halls of a Pleiadian Academy,
I foresaw the deflowerment of Mary
Sun. While in Park House, during the
witching hours, upon departing, I
tasked Charine and Suanna with
awareness and to overwatch the safety
of this inebriated cub.

Although I wasn't there, my intuition
was confirmed when, before noon,
Mary Sun requested \$10. While en
route to health services, as she spoke,
I saw the vultures, smelled her tears,
and knew this was a setup.

Suanna's cousins, the Pookie and
Scruffy Stud relatives we Blacks have,
chose to defile this wounded and
racially displaced orphan.

Eighteen Years Later:

The facilitator and bystander of womb plunder has a public book release that I attend. The repackaged branding of exploitation is reframed as a Black Lesbian Couple's contribution to Negro Memorabilia, a coup d'état to reclamation.

For me, the only thing vintage is the fact that women will pimp, birth, and marry women, all the while still being a pernicious enemy of women.

Self-hate is a disease that grace cannot deactivate. When the decay is innate, its impulse to project violence will not deviate.

Goliath Ain't David

The professional class employed to diagnose and pathologize embodies the personification of the societally viral parasitic pathogen that erodes the regenerative vitality of sentience.

The Medical Industrial Complex deems persons as consumers subject to its scientific codification of colonization. Alternatively, holistic health does not benefit or incentivize suppressing and manipulating the obfuscation of subjugation.

Conditioning by institutional authority is a mechanism to transmit the contagion of normalized dysfunction. The diagnostic paradox reveals those who are most symptomatic lack immunological awareness to assess if their professional administration of licensed violence triggers antigenic

signals that reinforce their projected
self-referential pathology.

The antidote prescribes unadulterated
noncompliance to authoritarianism in
every facet of its veneer.

*“Transcend the simulation;
Invoke your salvation.”*

Luminant Dorothy,

You betta be anchored 'cuz I am
obliged to inhale your essence, the
scent of effervescence,
for which I have vowed
my coalescence.

Declarative Clarity

If born of a malevolent lineage,
I will bear no sorrow when they
succumb to a karmic massacre.

This truth is not confined to family,
race, nation, or cosmic origin.

As an emanation of source, my
alliance with veracity is deathly
sworn to fidelity.

“Consent is insufficient when power is asymmetrically monopolized; by no legal framework will my sovereignty be patronized.”

Cosmic Conscription Mandates Detoxification

Unmetabolized trauma is a multivariate toxin that will pimp you for auction; any addiction to distraction traffics your soul for extraction.

***“Tribe, lineage, and bloodline are not
synonymous; your cosmic inheritance
renders you autonomous.”***

Endure Acclimation

If you fast
for a famine,
to hunger,

your captivity
will flutter
with plasticity.

Clergy

the sea rose,
the sky leaned

time froze,
the Gods convened

Lawless Deposition

Crack pipes and pistols don't grow on
city park trees but divide and conquer
is a performance to appease

Your doctor is a lobbied proxy for the
mortician; while the slave catchers in
blue wouldn't know liberty if God
ordered their extradition

In the vacancy of requisite contrition,
I knit sentiment as an admonition

The world is cracking at the seams,
and you are impelled to reinforce the
collapsing beams?

The ideology that you suckle will be
the cavern under which your
sentience shall buckle

Hysterics

we got laws with no ethics
we got justice with no metrics
we got judges for aesthetics,
and lawyers for cosmetics

Fuck this system and its antics!

Translated Observable Perception

Mixed signals, ghosting,
breadcrumbing, deflection, and
evading accountability are behaviors
of the spiritually impoverished.

Peace = *Luxury*

Clarity = **Luxury**

Simplicity = *Luxury*

Dynamics that are either cumbersome
or burdensome robs one of their
abundant sovereignty.

Sick people do sick shit.
If you fit, you gotta detach from it.

Marketed Democracy

The machine is a masterful beast; it
will settle for nothing but its
conquered feast.

Language is a cloak that masks
the cannibalism of capitalism.

Nationalism and materialism are tools
employed to emotionally galvanize
the spiritual orphans of pauperism
into a sparkling package
of neofeudalism.

Mother Lorraine

Your execrableness never waned,
and your possession is arcane

For whomever you championed
and chose to campaign

Love's reign is preordained
and your efforts remain profane

I must sprain my refrain:

Upon this blood, within my vein,
you are a disreputable drain

May the temperance of the Fates
address their cause for restraint
and, by will, seek to ordain

Switchblade

Yesterday's Orientalism,
Today's Racism.

Colonialism dictates otherism.

Imperialism is redundant in
its application of parallelism.

Negrophobia is alluring
to the Necrophile.
Elitist Voyeurism is a
spiritual pedophile.

Time hung the wrong bloodline;
Fate will reveal the punchline.

Poisonous Bosom

If the flood persists,
With breath, you resist

We cannot forgive
What we have yet to outlive

The notion of harm reduction is
reductive, when the endemic
proliferation of its antagonist
is systemic.

Shall we examine the etiology of harm
that precipitates crimes emblematic of
maladaptive self-preservation?

Irrespective of one's ethical
reservation, soul death is a staple of
Amerikkka's plantation nation.

Idle Commentary

Before you re-up on that ounce of genetically hacked weed, can you go on IHerb.com and order 250mcg of Vitamin D supplements?

If you're feeling really geeked, add hydrolyzed collagen, 950 MG of Omega 3, and some Nascent Colloidal Iodine.

I sense this season will have a lot of folks crashing out. I understand cause and effect; I simply request that we interrogate our choices.

Neglect and escapism are choices.

Adaptability facilitates
existential compatibility.

There is no EMT, FEMA, or ET coming
to save you, Babie!

Get yourself some nettle tea, and add
lemon and honey.

The future ain't gonna be funny.

Quantum Queer

As a raging philogynist,
I'm raiding Earth's tomb,
for traces of my divine consort
within this temporal womb.

Seams of Sound

Life is longer than a split sun; you
never know when you'll be done.

If you lack the discipline for freedom,
you are an incompatible disciple.

If accountability fractures your
psyche, your malignancy
is archetypal.

If you find the aesthetic of an
anesthetic to be magnetic, for the
embodiment of sovereignty, the
polarity of your sentience
is antithetic.

Tikkun Olam

A teacher is, at best, a guide, at least a model, and at worst, eager to coddle.

I create a feast for a hunger that does not know itself. I stir herbs because I know the wounded will seek understanding for their healing. I am keen on the rotations of life's cycles because harm recycles.

Sanctimonious Antimony

A sick system projects
illness upon its populace

A sick people find
opulence in a necropolis

Blind Eye

That which you leave unnamed,
cannot be blamed

With shame,
our humanity is framed

Dubious Query

What do Michael Jackson and
Muammar Gaddafi have in common?

Both were well-loved by the public,
and they dared to challenge the
Moloch Minions, who extort the
music industry and the
continent of Africa.

What does Dior and the Medical
Industrial Complex have in common?

Both are cheap and poor in quality,
yet access is inflated, while the value
and efficacy are subpar.

*“In a world propelled by parasitic
nepotism, the alchemist is a
scapegoated fugitive; although
sovereignty is lucrative, its
pursuit is punitive.”*

With Heft, I Reckon

By the water,
seated on a rock,
I'm rocking my body
as I sort the lies I mock!

Although power is a formidable
seduction, its enticement is the
masquerade of personified parasitic
colonial hoarders and
overproduction.

I feel schisms upon my tongue,
the internalized antagonisms of
industrial dehumanization renders me
a swelled paroxysm.

God does not care about a
downpayment; in your bid for
sovereignty, you are the sole claimant!

“Sex without intimacy is equivalent to getting on a plane with neither a ticket nor a destination; I stopped trafficking my heart when my soul informed me that I am the steward of my temple’s veneration.”

Brisk Star XIII

I hereby accept the divinity
I am bequeath

My tongue is my sword,
I relinquish my sheath

Mockingly Mawkish

Tethered and UNfettered
Mercy is a liability!

Be a fox,
cunning honey,
roam the box

The neuropathogen
is beyond reproach

There is no topic
of ethics we must broach

The pompous gull,
I savor its cull

*"I understand you've mistaken my
complexion for proximity;
however, we are not familiar, no
matter the shared vicinity."*

The Humans Are Not Okay

In a world of necrophilic masturbatory
evasion and systemic inertia, those who
benefit as voyeuristic proletariat who
require the system to thrive in its
dysfunction suffocate our attention with
ghost ideation while mastering
derealization to outsource
existential rectification.

A TriadicFramework of Sociogenic,
Biogenic, and Psychogenic causes to root
the perverse systemic harm that the
professional class babysits is uninteresting
to those who mine and harvest Black
culture and intellect to ascend within the
echelons of the Ivory Tower Cloud Farm
that works eagerly to obfuscate the sun as
a source of reason.

Evil is not a theoretical malignancy; the
systems that mandate tribalistic predation
sustain its pregnancy.

I suppose a cannibal can be a botanist.
The aestheticization of death favors
the positivist.

*“Professors are performers in the
theatre of paralytic enthrallment
with dissociative and hypnotic
theorization.”*

Differential Neutralization

May your energy
be matched.

May you cease to deface
the grace of God.

May you become worthy
of forgiveness.

May your blessings
match your lessons.

May your will to care
never spare.

Bat Signal

God planted a tripwire,
the devil changes his attire.

A Nazi mustache with a pedophilic
race fetish, who is
a self-identified Jew, psychically
assaulted a Sovereign Judahite.

He employed state violence, rape, and
sodomy to render
his psychopathy as an abominable
attempt at camouflaged comedy.

The lioness in me peeped a threat that
time couldn't vet.
Back to basics, primal reset.

'ALL IN THE DEFENSE OF LIFE!'

I Summon EVERY force:
Be it Sentient or Spectral.

The preservation of life is
fundamental.

We have all the tools; we just don't
understand order.
Civil peace is sweet tea, and
alignment is the fee.

The Hour is Dark;
I smell the spark.

Thermodynamic Rift

Captain Janeway don't play about 7 of 9
Xena would excavate hidden realms to
retrieve Gabrielle
Cleo wasn't fit to leave Ursula

We fit to Set it Off:

We playing spiritual gymnastics,
Every muthafucker gotta be fit

We can no longer watch and sit

The hands of time melt,
A Bermuda triangle swirl

Yin & Yang twirl
Destiny will be a bell curve

Olivia Benson is deep undercover
Elphaba came back for Galinda
Send my Regards to the Wizard

Dear Octavia Butler

Olamina switched tribes
for this timeline.

The year is 2024, my name is
Oyeama, and I will demonstrate the
Parable of the Trickster.

The architect is sinister.
I'm fit to baptize this timeline.
Truth has a minister.

Therapeutic Shedding

Stepmother, when I make
it out of the simulation,
I'mma flay your sentience
from the motherboard.

You thought you could, and Bitch,
I'mma drown you in Mami Wata.

Fellow Bee Scouts

We gotta hop the moon,
Crack the signal,
Trigger the relay,
And steady the typhoon.

Gravity is a swing,
Your wand is your wing;
With speech, you may sting.

Barren Womb

If I appear pregnant with gloom,
I am mourning the sentience that
witheres upon an Earthly tomb.

***“When the hunter mimics the hunted,
it disorients the prey.”***

Nonspecific

“Chosen People,”
most certainly,
but chosen by whom?

You judge a seed by its fruit;
Blossomed switch bait predators
at the root.

There are many gardeners and gods,
the facades defy kosher odds.

Spell: 050

Identity is a series of cults;
I am a fugitive,
With no harbor to dock.

Political Ideation

Black Panthers, NAACP, Occupy Movement, and Black Lives Matter became spectacles for entertainment as they entrapped our belief in self-agency.

Infiltration, assimilation, and diversion are highly replicable and adaptable tools to subjugate resistance. I reckon that we reduce any unnecessary reliance on a system that necessitates our dependency for its profitability.

Decentralization. Embodiment. Stealth

Evolution is only a movement if we have explicit cohesion by unilateral volition.

Rehabilitation

Neither surgery nor a corticoid injection will be ideal if your visibly inflamed and diabetic obese body does not address nutrition and lifestyle.

Big Pharma would gladly use you to siphon money from health insurance companies, hospitals, and the government.

Similarly, you can vote, but when your rigged election of a democratic government consists of the footmen for the corporate nation of the USA, which requires your labor for extraction, your ideology gives order to the socially conscripted assembly line.

The IRS, the banks, and the
government mandate ignorance
and compliance.

There is no one-shot deal, there is no
bankruptcy to file, and there isn't a
magic pill to recover your autonomy.

The embodiment of sovereignty
demands that we contend with self-
responsibility and self-accountability.

Holistic well-being cannot be
prescribed or taught in a seminar.

You must demonstrate the veracity
of your sovereignty.

Actionable

Because we are nonconsensually
opted into a dehumanizing system
that conditions us from birth to
replicate and normalize sociopathic
beliefs and behaviors, we must
become noncompliant; not out of
reactivity but to facilitate our
sovereign destiny.

Unleveled Playing Field

I accept the fragility of commoners who
are instinctually compelled to dismiss,
deflect, or project upon perceiving my
sublime intellect.

I recognize that we are both bipedal
and exhibit the capacity to string words
into sentences. Although we may infer
sentience, if life were a sport, my
Olympics would be held in the eternal
summer, and your Olympics would be
special and obtusely inclusive.

You must understand that within the
White Narcissistic Institutional breeding
of incestuous and palatable ideology,
mediocrity is generously funded.

Aunt Jemima wears tap shoes and sings
soulless spirituals like molasses blues.
You groove as you sip that dementia
tonic with a cherry; master loves to
keep us liquored with merry.

In all sincerity, I was fond of forgiveness
as a remarkably well-trained Mammy
who was a feral cat turned house negro.
But I could never comport satisfactorily
to understand the bribe of
self-abandonment.

I prefer John Brown over Chris Brown.
One waged his life to lead a raid on
Harper's Ferry; the other is arbitrary. I'd
claim a proper race traitor over any
slick slitherin' or Jack and Jill litterin'.

I have been mistook for polite, and the
harsh truth is that I fear my own bite.
Humble and elite is a calling card for
the rodents to mistreat. With patience, I
have observed that lead ought not to
mix with gold, for it conflates itself with
what has grown.

I'll refrain from using my teeth, but like
my fight with Oluchi in Lagos, two
cubs of no comparative lineage, I will
scratch with words that
have no sheath.

*“When the leaflets of dreams become
realized theory, my lucidity feels
bleary; I am undecided whether I
ought to be cheery or wary
amidst the eerie.”*

\$Fifty, Str8 Pity

A buck mouth, bundle of sticks
Whose breath stinks and gives me the ick

Put money on my books
with a note that said this:

*"Continue trolling,
my fellow lunar Scorpio."*

This testicular sassy embryo is energetically
violent in ways that are gendered and
reflective of his unreconciled psyche
being dismembered.

Me no know what is in the Igbo, Yoruba,
and Haitian blood, but it knows itself; the
wicked morphs and any trace of counterfeit
grace dwarfs when in proximity to divinity.

I witness the teeth of vampires and the
hunchback of werewolves unfurl.

*Who knew a simple girl could make
camouflaged demons swirl?*

Acknowledgment

As I fulfill my contract,
I revoke my living vessel
from the devil.

I am indifferent;
Ignore me at your own peril.

If arrogance is what you seek to
embezzle, your lesson will be both
consequential and existential.

*“Tainted blood burdens the
crucifixion of humankind;
neither mind nor soul is unbound—
I stand confounded.”*

Supper Club

The Ivory Tower is double-fisting
our collective psyches with neither
rubber nor lube and then placates
with awards to subdue
when we brood.

Between megalomania or ischemia,
clarity is a panacea.

“Acceptance is a prerequisite for transformation. Our impulsive reactivity to the symptomology of a metastatic and virulent pathogenic society obstructs our collective imperative to ameliorate this perpetual state of disease holistically.”

Social Investment

WE FUND the Global South, but they
seem to become more
disenfranchised.

WE FUND public schools and the
students are diminishing in literacy.

WE FUND nonprofits to address
disparity in the United States, but the
population is increasingly
disempowered.

WE FUND Medicaid and the US
populace has at no point been sicker.

WE FUND war, and we have never
been more vulnerable as a nation.

With all this funding, the money
seemingly works against our will.

Trick Hand

One Hand: gives you
a housing voucher.

The Other: ignores your land deed
five generations past.

One Hand: gives you a grant.

The Other: ensures the system you
wage rage against remains intact and
unencumbered by resistance.

One Hand: gives you a green card.

The Other: ravishes your homeland,
making migration most plausible for
self-preservation while casting you as
a model minority.

At the Center

Latino People and Gay Men both
imitate Blackness and Womeness but
seem to detest those born melanin-
rich and with wombs.

I don't speak in absolutes, but these
patterns are prone to bloom.

I breathe; there is no particle
of me to exhume.

***“Denial is a thief of time;
those ahead of schedule
honor maritime.”***

Classroom Notes: 007

Is violence determined by intent,
impact, or evidence?

Natural law does not subscribe to
bought judges, cops and mercenaries
to delineate justice.

Peace is acquired when the threat of
harm is symmetrical.

Collapse the Static

The antidote to racism is the
abolition of capitalism.

When an economic system is
anchored upon a fiat debt-centric
parasitic impulse to extract unending
progressive profit upon a planet with
finite resources, the idyllic ideation of
causes and intellectual rumination
that facilitates paralytic sedation is
uninteresting as it stalls the
paradigmatic shift required to
preserve our species.

Our societal caste system that denotes
one's worthiness, which mitigates the
severity or quality of their
dehumanization, is insidious and
implicates everyone as complicit in
the matricide of our sole habitat:

EARTH.

My soul is a refugee, and I am
seeking asylum with truth.

“Morality, like patriotism, is a tool of bonding by tribalism because it is neither synonymous with ethics nor objectivity; it is a subjective clause to justify fragility.”

God, Please Don't Forgive Me

If my fervent vow to philogyny is a sin,
for which I am to be burned at the
stake, can I get a seasoned pussy with
well-done steak?

A fresh pint of kombucha, for Jesus's
sake; please don't shake.

Maiden Sheaf

Her elegance towered,
My river's basin jerks;
My desire flowered,
This sacral craving lurks.

*“Sadistic Voyeurism is philanthropy,
where black culture is an auction; the
perpetuity of legacy is a buffet, and
the kitchen is the morgue.”*

Third Way

I ain't manic;
Quite contrary.

I am rather gay,
Don't be wary.

Lead is clay;
With breath,
I sculpt:

*The word is my sword,
and I, both a medic and
butcher for my Lord.*

Albeit, Nonviolent

Not sane by notions of compliance,
I get tired of talking and
choose defiance.

Neglect is an action that
triggers a reaction.
We call this a feedback sequence.

Resistance is not pathological;
It is an autoimmune response
of sentience.

*Please, lest your fawned ignorance
render you diabolical.*

Set Apart

When the Universe evicted me from
my former frequency,
I paddled a sea of dubiety,
where I offloaded obesity

I now flower gratitude to those who
exposed their indecency;
For compost is a fertilizer, and my
regality triggers aridity

***“Time is not linear,
but truth is immortal.”***

Drip Theory

Fair is fantasy.

No ecology is premised
upon equality.

Interdependence is a
synthesis of symbiotic equity.

***“Sovereignty is the healthiest
repellent; in this allegorical court,
I am a Divine appellant.”***

Victorian Caesarian

When I run a traffic light upon the
claustrophobic roads of colonizing
social scripts, white women politely
dole out transgressive tickets by
articulating that my behavior is bold.

My dear, your blood is cold.

In this game of poker,
Bitch—I ain't never gonna fold.

*“Enrolling in Academia to subvert
hegemony while committed to
being a pick-me is what a
Christian girl deludes of
herself when she seeks
the mentorship
of a pimp.”*

Betting Divinity

A mystical dyke lost her hymen to a
stationary bike; God haggled and told
the devil, Sike!!!

She had a diploma before her first
kiss, Didn't learn love until
she swam in the abyss.

Never threw a first fist,
Because death will persist.

She a last call for the truce;
A golden goose, waving deuce.

*“Folks who emit reflexive giggles
upon encountering embodied
rebellion are excreting psychic
flatulence; their spiritual
constipation is a symptom of
egoic inflammation.”*

Bastet Beloves

In this university of life,
I am a teacher's pet.

Amidst the symphony composed
of truth and wisdom, I am a cadet.

If debt were a threat,
I am God's silhouette.

***“Sovereignty necessitates reduced
dependency; cognitive restructuring
is the key to ascendancy.”***

Sailing Senses

Temporal fractal ruptures
is a rolling sea,
of which I am afoot.

Ethnographic Remarks

*What is peaceful about the taxidermic
mounting of black culture onto the
foyer walls of White Leisure?*

There's an ineptitude in a fragility that
is enchanted by an unmanageable
preoccupation with uncontested
psychic possession.

Collective Tumors

Racists are not recycled by time;
They are free radicals that
perpetuate psychological cancer.

No More Bread To Break

The linked social triad consists of
Performativity, Community,
and Integrity.

It harbors a stark incongruity,
if sincerity facilitates ineligibility.

I am a pretzel in the detested margins:
A speakeasy with a crucifix, sage,
and an olive-oiled blade.

I observe Frankensteins, who have
been baited to defile biology.
I watch men curled in balls of revolt
against their unassumed kingship.
I view women who twist language as
they fail to understand the ties they
knot. I glance at the shards of a nation
that was never righteous.

I sigh, like the village girl
who made it home to learn
the world had already been sold.

***“Your appetite reflects your
frequency; perversion is
indicative of deficiency.”***

Third Trimester

too far to abort,
the delivery of fate,
I graciously court.

***“When the redeemed sits where sin is
immortalized and self-witness their
inner repulsion, their rebirth
is quietly realized.”***

Opulence is Providence

Sovereignty as theology;

Sovereignty, fuck sorority;

Sovereignty, no apology;

Sovereignty is prophecy;

Sovereignty by cosmology!

My Scant Chant

I was born in school, and I ain't never
been late to class. My curriculum is
self-directed, and my courses are
written in brass.

When you inhabit your skin as a
misfitted bodysuit, I wonder whose
soul is steering the identity.

Social media is a digital auction,
where attention is bided for by
metrics, which creates anorexic
diabetics who become
glorified synthetics.

My favorite pastime is observing how
bothered caucasians are when I fail to
be in service of their psychogenic
distortions of supremacy.

I am neither my ancestors' dream nor
prayer; I am their summoned spell,
charged with dragging my embodied
scroll through hell.

***“Grace must smell like manure to the
spiritually convalescent because
a crescent mystic is clearly
incandescent.”***

Annotations Of An Indigenist Anthropologist

Intrinsically, those governed by
parasitism repudiate a sovereign
being, as we are not conducive to
their requisite metabolism.

I teether with a fury known best by the
dead. If legacy were a deed, the
present enacts eminent domain to
sanitize, commercialize, and
monopolize, with no impetus to
exercise refrain.

When mediocrity and arrogance
marry, I see the descendants of incest.
But ironically, we call it
white supremacy.



The token melanite on artistic projects
that exhume transcended glory for
mass auction is equivalent to the

optical enforcement of hard hats on
construction sites.

I do not trust those at ease with their
captivity. Their internalized riddles of
disjunction emit a discernible
radioactivity.

Respectability politics is a
psychological mine, a cast
spiritual net.

People are wearing melanin like a
counterfeit Hermes Birkin bag.



Artists are “rediscovered” the way
Columbus found Turtle Island.

Indifference is the ice that
encapsulates artistic brilliance until
the passing of their last breath. At this
time, vultures swoop in to commodify
their life legacy: selling culturally

lynched cadavers to the world fair of
cultural appropriation.

For such reason, I forfeit the
production of lubricant to placate the
appropriate atmospheric friction upon
this renovated plantation of
New York City.

Niceties is a currency that is not
viable for authenticity.

White comfort is a tax
I will no longer pay.
Whatever social lien I may incur,
I am not an eager prey.



Mastering your shadow is how you
protect your assets.
Clear your frequency to strengthen
your signal.

Reduce liabilities by inquiring more
and explaining less.

An open mouth is a safe left ajar.

We wear seatbelts, but render
helmets optional.

Does gravity not yield to bikes?



If you sell your soul, have
you a mind to barter?

Intrusive Thought: Black Friday

I don't care for family, on any holiday;
I solely desire carnal desserts.

No turkey, I'll take a platter of
cosmic pussy to go.

Thank you Kindly!

***“Some folk are artists,
others are manicurists.”***

(Dorothy, I's) Waning

I'mma eat you 'til you rain
NYC got a drought, but my
Brain is a hurricane

The hoe in me was slain
But, Dear Lord, please ordain
So this fire be holy in its reign

Promise Granted

*I was a bee
peeking through
the window*

I swore I'd never sting,
But you invasive locusts

Don't appreciate the grace of honey.

So I'm cutting up a cake of wrath;
We'll all chuckle because you
miscreants are funny.

Anchor Aweigh

Confusion is an astigmatism
of the soul

When clarity is fortified,
your vision becomes whole

Sovereign Sacredhood

With over thirty years of human experience, I resign to my belief that friendship is a liability. My first vow upon breath is to steward God's grace with an honor reflective of my discipleship.

Nonetheless, if you, too, reckon that we must build the bridge as we traverse it, I invite allyship.

***“Amerikkkan” patriotism is a dressed
drag queen who swears
she is demure.”***

Bottoms UP

You can't lynch a nigger
Who was born on the cross

If we meet between the crossroads
Of a dreamscape, consider
yourself deputized

May the truth drizzle,
So the sauce can gloss

Fiat Lux | Let There Be Light

Imbue the collective consciousness
with spiritual immunity to thwart
the imperial conquest of
the human soul.

The World Is Not My Own

Black Bourgeoisie expatiate on
blackness as though they were tourists
guiding the white voyeur into the
unmarked graves of subterfuge in the
Ivory Tower museum of
cultural cannibalism.

A bloodless massacre of negrophobia
lauds, where art is a plantation, and
the creator's soul is the cotton.

Proximity to whiteness is not
inherently conducive to black
liberation. The concessions for success
can leech one's bone marrow. Verily,
those who subscribe to upward
mobility often transform into
pernicious hegemonic hybrids who
deploy their performative grievances
as a trauma bond to deflect from their
entitled objective, which is to ascend
into the echelons of an apex
benefactor of self-replicating
imperialism.

When double consciousness becomes
a dissociative identity, will the white
psychiatric industry negatively remark
upon rehabilitating the “*protest
psychosis*” of drapetomaniac
noncompliance into a polished
production of Black Excellence that
is invariably a variant of
Stockholm Syndrome?

When righteousness is conflated with
victimhood, the preservation of this
identity will be defended because it
provides an artificial absolution from
self-responsibility. Whosoever baits
and bonds with trauma is committed
to a heist in which your fragility is a
pawn that will be traded in antipathy;
this symphony will bear a
melody of indignity.

Traits of parasitism are inclusive of all
identities. Paternalism will indelibly
reinforce disenfranchisement because
obfuscating sovereignty is the
execution of polymorphic
neutralization.

If the relational resonance is not
rooted in empowerment and life-
affirming values, are you being
siphoned and swindled?

Infinity & Beyond

Once I began clocking time,
I lost count of what fucks to give.

If you don't fuck around,
Did you come here to live?

In this Toy Story,
Bitch— I'm not sorry!

Fiction doesn't write itself;
Learn to know thyself.

Canary Monologue

I often succumb to whiplash as I
habitually headbutt the atmospheric
fragmentation of humanity.

Because soul catchers engulfed the
church, I know demons
favor pugnacity.

As a wombbearer, I embody a fidelity
to love, an indescribable existential
love. I channel my poetic animus to
translate the essential nature of
intelligent love that does not comport
to tribalism, nihilism, or fatalism.

**Resistance is imperative for the
preservation of our species.**

*If Jesus was a Jew, and Zion is the
North Star, would the bridge
to Mecca be war?*

*If frequency is the key, and the door is
true, does a quantum egg have a hue?*

Does your skin have a price tag?
Has your heart hit a snag?
Do you bleed a flag?

Latent, not Vagrant

Farmer or Miner?
Driller or seeder?

Detection is not connection!

Protect the illumination
from contamination.

Dear Jimmy:

I don't know if the London Bridge is falling, but NYC declared a state of Drought. We've had several brush fires in the tri-state area. On 145th Street, the train station is flooded with undomiciled folks who are smoking K2, while the Black Bourgeoisie are pissing on your legacy.

A dog's urine, specifically that of a German Shepherd, would be preferable. However, these tenured caricatures seem to have a texture that appeals to the curation of cultural war agents.

*To be awake,
in a tomb;*

*Poor me,
poor me!*

**You cannot know love
if you abhor truth.**

Academia gentrifies God by crafting
perfunctory theory as a decreed
blessing. These creatures of the Ivory
Tower are spiritual illiterates who
hoard emblems of sentience. Their
persistent exhibition of a deterministic
failure to emulate the rhetoric they
adorn is blasphemous.

I feel like a Black Sapphic surrounded
by KKK feminists. Although we share
citizenship and a race designation,
fertile soil is loyal to life. My soul can
detect the schizotypal cult
behaviorism of these civilized goons.

Their condescension is remarkably
grotesque, as they seem to be eating
their boogers with an insular
fascination that I cannot appreciate.

As long as they have their bread and
butter, they can paint the hollow walls
of their mind with lies to subsume the
reality they dread.

With grave reluctance, I must admit
that I have become terrified of those
wearing melanin. These melanites
shapeshift in ways unbecoming of
kinship or allyship.

I see nothing but traitors and
saboteurs, the one's Harriet probably
buried in a shallow ditch, or Nat
Turner slit before that
bitch could snitch.

Jimmy, these nigglets are making a
mockery and fortune off of you.
It's a profane thang to observe.

That fire is a-coming,
and the water will be remiss.

Formless Fury

Deprivation precedes depravity;
Temporal erasure defies gravity

A world of prey,
with no known predator

Where truth is solvent,
and evil is a creditor

Shame is a twisted bully,
who mocks a divine jury

Cue

When the Sun
Chases rays

Its shadow
is ablaze

~

When honey
is an artifact

Sugar be bitter;
Only fit to transact

HANDS

Left or Right;

Whatever gets
the job done

Kingdom Come,
Thy will be done

Natural Order

When the utterance of truth
is blood bound to speech

A pariah understands that delivery
will not be breached

Even if by death,
breath was to impeach

For skin is but a gown
in this grand circus,
of which we endear the clown

Spell: 049

Sound is seed;
may I refrain
the spill of mead.

Deviant Clusters

Resist reacting to madness
and begin to interrogate

Observe the pathogen,
welcome it to self-articulate

Liminal Rebel

Lobbyists are political mercenaries
News pundits are duplicitous
missionaries

And democracy is a
stock of obituaries

Heal or Kill
Never will I kneel

Here for a grill time
Once cooked, I'll ring the chime

On Dock

I be mulling,
watching the lulling;
Rapture is a culling

Tap In

You literate?
Got Wifi?
You peep patterns?
Catch a lucid fade?

Don't need to be a mathematician
to clock the incongruity.

What's your mythos?

Bloom

You must plant the seed
before the season,
for the harvest is your groom

Hieros Gamos

Draped upon my
neck are rubies,
the rosary of
our love's resurrection

I went native in
these corporeal streets,
but from the stars,
I'd never submit to defection

Decontamination

Free Will
is a gamble

Holistic remediation
is a preamble

Time is a
funneled placenta

You gon' make it back
to the castle?

Will you turn
your tassel?

Final Act

In this Cosmic Prank,
nuance is less than frank

As a lit lantern,
with trust, I have heeded the pattern

I accept this invitation,
either closure or revelation

Love is my only destination

Poppin' Skittles

Alpha: Oppression begins
in the home.

Beta: To choose ignorance is to
demand violence.

Gamma: Religion is a weapon of
moral coercion that exemplifies
ideological containment.

Delta: Heteronormativity is an
imperial mandate because hegemony
favors patriarchal control to subjugate
the sacred feminine and dishonor
divine masculinity.

Epsilon: Reproduction upon a servile
planet is unbecoming of a sovereign.

Who is the Boogieman???

If rape is fundamentally rooted in
power and domination,
If racism is a decoy for justifiable war
and the permissible
extraction of resources,
If our planet seems to be a
casualty of speciesism:

Is our spatiotemporal adversary
of this dimension?

Diagnostically speaking, we bipedal
primates are inapt with our resistance
to examine and investigate the
illogical nature of the hegemonic
structures that morph as our hierarchal
states of systemic disenfranchisement
facilitate sustainable subjugation.

Our anthropological specimen may be
existentially inept, as we are,
evidentially, an easy mark.

Alien vs predator, which are we,
and what is the context?

Last I recall, I'm more worried about
clean water than liberal cultism.
En masse we are victims of the
nefarious global application
of occultism.

Please, wake the fuck up.

Promptly...

Dear Yeshua,

Can I get some coins added
to commissary?

I gotta spare my last Hail Mary.

Seven years on ice,
I now swim in a temporal waterfall.

This mystery got gall.

I understand that I am not
eligible for a monastery.

In my solitary season,
be it a cemetery or sanctuary,
this gift is sanitary.

Fictitious Social Scripts

Upon this modern-day plantation,
I am swept into power tangoes
With possessed parasites

I know sound is light;
Speech revokes blindsight

White Supremacy is a Spiritual Rapist,
Freeze or Fawn, by no means
am I a masochist.

Laconic Tonic

It's not personal; it's supernatural.

A vampire cannot go bloodless;
no matter how you tailor truth,
the spiritual convalescent is toothless.

Reasoning with a masked psychopath,
is comparable to giving osmosis-
treated water to a person
infected with rabies.

Why waste your resources?

A lot of these entities are spiritually
emaciated, when in proximity, I often
feel like a log of roast beef.

I donated my grief to a thief,
I now observe the motif
beyond the reef.

Dear True Dorothy

I understand that I cannot be privy to
my mirror until I master the
woman in the mirror.

You are a celestial impetus;
For whom I'd wage war and peace
to have your embrace never cease

My adoration for you is elemental;
It's fusion particles
reconfiguring symbiosis

My yearning is approaching
its apotheosis

I left a trail of tears,
my heart flares

*“When people plagiarize Elohim as
they evangelize their Zionism,
I await the fireworks of exorcism.”*

Religare

As a polymystic,
I do not subscribe
to a worldview
that is fatalistic

I contend that
synergistic evolution
is a quantum ballistic
that disintegrates
imperialistic conditioning;

Hence my resolve
being euphemistic.

Venustic Salvation

Engorged with anticipation,
imagination is a landscape
of innovation, where I marry
divination to invocation

Dorothy, you are a
manifesting revelation

Stoplight

An astute
allure emanates

From a wombman
who stimulates

A refined glass
of delicate ambrosia

The sight of her,
rattles the supernova

Tickled in my sacrum;
My desire, she dare strum

New Amsterdam

Under siege by pirates with unearned
grandiosity, who seem to project a
distorted animosity, has rendered
me a bystander of an
idiopathic atrocity.

Lessons From the Plumber

An unsolicited Gaelic grammar instructor realizes that you are a Quantum Negress and begins to stonewall, deflect, and obfuscate repair requests.

With empirical evidence, I posit that the pathogenic parasite is mutagenic.

*“In order to heal the organ, the cells
must harmonize for the body of
society to embody the vitality of
existential primacy.”*

Theosis

Death will be an endless interval
of reincarnation until you become
decided upon your spiritual
transmutation.

What I Said?

I ain't for the masses,
but I'm bringing you to mass

Word is bread,
the stars been bled

I'm setting fire in your head:

Awake in your bed
before your skin is due to shed

Thought Exercise

What is the likelihood that the onset of most diagnosed cases of bipolar disorder and schizophrenia, ages 18-25, correlates with the development of the prefrontal cortex?

I ask because I find it curious that the brain is actively engaged in synaptic pruning to support myelination and efficient brain processing.

I fathom that, as spiritual beings having a human experience, could one's spirit seek to interface with the hardware of the brain to become integrated with the software of the soul?

And then I'm left to wonder why the Inquisition, the belabored genocide of Turtle Island's people, the executions by burning during the Salem witch trials, the burning cross, and lynchings of Black folks (along with many other racemen) occurred?

Why is rape a tool of war?
Are there sacred bloodlines that are
intentionally contaminated?

Where are our medicine women who
do not plagiarize books and cosplay
as an orisha on Instagram? Where are
our mystics who bear wisdom in their
brow and, with grace, can remedy the
screech held by silence?

Why does the medical industrial
complex pathologize being human as
it douses our bodies with poison and
our minds with dread?

Why are we milked and slaughtered
and left with the shells of God's gift?

***“Intelligence without sentience is
manicured madness.”***

Hallows Eve

Please grant me the keys
to the doors I do not yet perceive;

With solemnity, the fulfillment of my
destiny, I consent to receive.

Race Ambassadors (Basic Melanin)

We are a looted people,
Lost within our skin

Neither foe,
Nor kin

Makeshift Arena

If you see me pacing
in your periphery,
I'm calibrating my reception;

In the courts of life, I must be attentive
as I await the pass of light.

Although I play the role of a civilian,
I have the vision of a physician,
and I'm deadeye with my precision.

I'm Outside

A mix of bushwoman
and runaway slave
I have okra in my hair and
red clay in my sock

Unable to mute the fire
alarm in my womb
I'm cutting up in the
socially prescribed tomb

Defiance is resistance
Complacency is subsistence

In my nursery, I played with demons
Recess was cursory

Tied to a chair in pre-k, I bit that bitch
Ass Catholic teacher who tried to curse me

I have tamed when baited to maim;
While inflamed, fire became my lover

I propel sound as a
hurricane does water
With time, what is unscorched,
we shall discover

Fiat Justitia Ruat Caelum

If the plantation is ideological,
the revolution is metaphysical.

Because racial capitalism is
parasitical, my insurgency
will be mystical.

***“Earth is a treasure hunt for the
philosopher’s stone, a race to
complete the transcendental
Rubik’s cube.”***

Spiritual Convicts

as I bear witness,
these entities are
mouths made of
root canals

reception between
the nerves is severed;
a collection of
dentin
trespasses

Treaty of Despair

The illusion of subversion is the praxis
of institutional radicalism.

Curated cultural agents who adorn the
grease to ease the subjugation
of resistant ideation are
treasonous nihilists.

In a psychopathic system, genuine
empathy is a water gun while
surrounded by direct energy weapons.

This same system will placate by
weaponizing cognitive empathy to
manipulate by demanding the
performativity of harm to acquire
crumbs of pity. Yet, the power
dynamic and the systemic violence
become ever more insidious.

Chickens who are half slaughtered,
neither buried nor cooked, become
the bullhorns of academic white
liberalism that amplifies a desensitized
machination of theory.

Pimping identity for politics, the
ideologue who brokers dogma pitches
you the counterfeit.

Voting is allopathic, but our society's
health is chronic. Who benefits from a
two-party system that is rigged and
used to cipher consent
and sovereignty?

Parasites and narcissists require
starvation. Otherwise, the deliberation
of unfettered annihilation will never
succumb to resignation.

It behooves the living not to
cherry-pick who is best cast
for senseless killing.

Divine Medics

I don't know:

Who you are
Where you are
When you are

Upon every star
I pray our eyes
Share an immortal stare

To know the love
That even the Gods
Swear to be rare

Spell: 048

I bled my last penny;
there's enough irony
to fry the sea.

Fiscal Sovereignty

Time is the universal exchange that
informs currency, for the number of
our afforded breaths is precarious.

Distraction, triangulation, and
deception are tactical tools deployed
to defund your evolution.

Miscarry or delivery,
I don't speak of theory.

We at supper,
I pass the salt
As query.

Spiritual Obstruction

I woke up in a snow globe,
these groping popes
in they bloody robe

Hiding codes within they cult,
Defiling the wisdom of the occult

Jesus wasn't no Superman;
He was a mystic,
who knew he can

Astrotheology and symbology,
a benign rehabilitation
for our existential reorientation

Technology is a sieve;
we literate, let's get figurative

Those of us,
fugitive operatives,
are creative captives

I don't know who gon' part the sea;
I'm Robot Sonny, staring at the bridge,
do you see what I see?

The Will to Vote

It's not our democracy in jeopardy but
the sanctity of our species.

Political warfare cloaks the multi-
millennial assault upon the fertility of
our collective consciousness and its
spiritual development.

All religions, governments, and
corporations have succumbed
to infiltration.

We are in a war for sentience.

Every incarnation is iterative of this
timeless battle within the simulation.

*Is this your final earthly
transmigration?*

Who else has accepted the bid for
cosmic compensation?

Dishwashing Theories

Perhaps the adrenal
fatigue has waned;
I am more curious than
scared these days.

I understand that curiosity
killed the cat,
but where did she go?

She has nine lives.

(I await the tenth.)

Polymystic Mischief

As a pebble,
who whispers ripples,
I summon tsunamis.

This dimension or the next;
The collapse is cascading.

I am neither vexed nor perplexed.
With joy, I masquerade as I behold
the serenading.

Agape, Muthaphukka

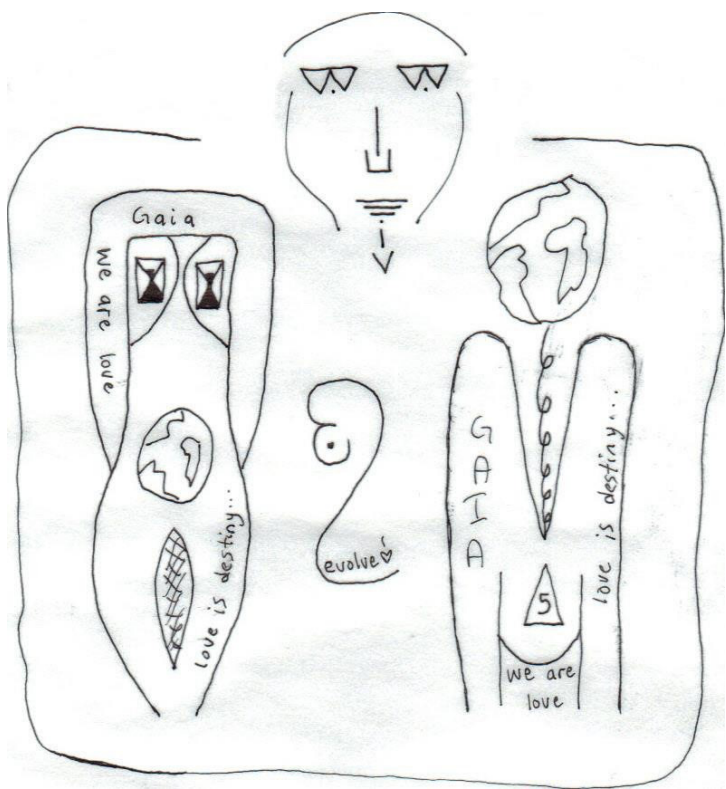
Come rain, fire, or comet,
With the penchant of a scribe,
I relay an existential audit:

By no means will sentience forfeit.

Fleeting Memo (To Y'all Of Concern)

I know you're touch-deprived, and
you crave intimacy, but your behavior
is demanding violence.

Can you work on congruency?



FIAT LUX

